Phylick lies a Bleeding,

OR THE

APOTHECARY turned DOCTOR.

A

COMEDY.

Acted every Day in most Apothecaries Shops in *LONDON.*

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And more especially to be seen, by *Those who are willing to be cheated*, the *First of* April, every Year.

Absolutely necessary for all Persons that are Sick, or may be Sick.

First Edition.

Umbricius Artibus, inquit, Honestis
Nullus in urbe locus, nulla emolumenta laborum
Ubi Pharmacopola est.
Grammaticus, Rhetor, Geometres, Pictor, Aliptes,
Augur, Schœnobates, Medicus, Magus: —— Juv. Sat. 3.

By *THO. BROWN.*

London, Printed for E. Whitlock, near Stationers-Hall, 16

The Names of the Principal Actors.

John Galen. — Dr. of Phyſick, and Fellow of the Royal College of Phyſicians *London.*

Tom Gallypot. — An Apothecary by Trade, but practiſes Phyſick, as a Doctor, near ——*Garden.*

Lancet Peſtle. — An Apothecary by Profeſſion, but boldly undertakes to be a Phyſician, and Surgeon alſo, to all his Patients that want the Aſſiſtance of either; living in ——*Market.*

Retorto Spatula & Ulcereſo. — An Apothecary in ——*Lane*, but pretends to be a great Doctor, Surgeon, and Chymiſt, valuing himſelf much upon his Foreign Birth, and Education.

Jack Comprehenſive. — An Apothecary living in ——*ſtreet* who profeſſes himſelf only to be a Doctor, Surgeon, Chymiſt, Druggiſt, Diſtiller, Confectioner, and (on occaſion) Corn-cutter, *&c.*

BRITISH MUSEUM
SALE DUPLICATE
1787

Trueman. — A Gentleman of honeſt Principles, endeavouring to ſhew each Perſon their Faults, and perſwading them to act in their own Sphere only.

Meſſengers, Glyſter-Pipes, Mortars, Saws, Forceps's, Boxes, Bolt-Heads, Crucibles, &c. and other Attendants.

The SCENE Apothecaries Hall,

The Epiſtle Dedicatory, to that Worthy and Ingenious Gentleman Dr. J. B.

Doctor,

I Am heartily glad that a Perſon of your Learning and Parts has taken up the Cudgels againſt the whole College of Phyſicians, and notwithſtanding your great Modeſty have *ſet your Face* againſt ſo Learned and Ingenious a Society. I muſt confeſs, I have a prety good ſtock of Confidence my ſelf, and perhaps dare attack any ſingle Perſon whatever, nay even Mr. *Bays* himſelf, but to attack ſuch a Body of Men of Learning and Senſe, I muſt yield is a Task only fit for your Management, who I dare boldly ſay can rail as bluntly as any Oyſter-Wench at *Billingſgate*. Therefore as you have began to make 'um appear a parcel of Sots, and perjured Villains (as your witty Queries ſeem to import) I beg the Favour of you to go on *without any Conſideration* (as you have done already) and perhaps in time you may prove 'um all Whores, and Rogues, Vagabonds, Perſons that had neither Fathers, or Mothers, and what not? For if any can prove it, I believe it muſt be you, no Body elſe daring to attempt to prove Matters of ſo great Conſequence, becauſe they want your Learning and Knowledg to go through with it. Take only this Caution, *Dear Doctor*, in the Management of your Affairs: Let not the Multitude of Buſineſs diſtract your Regular Thoughts (your Head being a little out of order ſometime) leſt you grow apt to forget what you have ſaid of 'um be-

ſore, and as you have in the Lump call'd 'um a parcel of Perjur'd Villians, ſo don't publickly talk and *ſay that the're about* 10, *or* 12 *H'oneſt Fellows amongſt 'um.* This w'ont do my Friend; to ſay they are *all Rogues*, and ſome of that *All* are honeſt Men, is a little Illogical, neither doth it favour much of an Univerſity Education, thô it may ſuit well enough perhaps with Yours. The Iriſh Evidence that ignorantly ſwore a Perſon of Quality into the Popiſh Plot, thought he could make no juſter Retaliation to him than by ſwearing of him out again. Now if you intend to follow the ſteps of this worthy Evidence, and as you have ſtigmatized the Fellows of the College with abundance of hard Names, ſo to make 'um amends you will endeavour to give 'um as good Characters as Moral Honeſty and Chriſtianity obliges you to do; I think you propoſe a fair method of Reconciliation, and perhaps even againſt their own Inclinations, out of meer Compaſſion, and not reſpect to your Merit, they may vouchſafe to admit you into their Society. This Advice, my Friend, I think is very ſeaſonable, and were I a Member of the Colledge I would endeavour all I could to procure your Admittance upon your Submiſſion: but if you will ſtill continue in an obſtinate and perverſe Humour of railing, I think you will juſtly forfeit that good Opinion which Indifferent Judges have of the Hardſhip of your Caſe (if any ſuch there were) and be fit only to be bray'd in that neceſſary Inſtrument of your former Profeſſion, a Mortar. Theſe are the real Sentiments of,

Your Loving Friend T. B.

Phylick lies a Bleeding,

OR

The Apothecary turn'd Doctor, &c.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Dr. Galen *and* Trueman.

Trueman. DOctor, Good Morrow, What News do you hear about the Plot? who are taken up? who are Evidences? are there any Persons of Quality concern'd in it, d'ye hear?

Dr. *Galen.* I mind no Plots not I, but a Plot to get good store of Patients, if I can, but I think they never were so Healthy.

Tr. So, what? you seem to speak a little concern'd, and look as if something had vexed you, what's the Matter Doctor?

Dr. Matter? Let me tell you, Mr. *Trueman*, I have been a Physician in *London* almost Forty Years, and I never knew so little Business to do in all my Life-Time. 'Tis a *Damnable Healthy* Town grown since I knew it first. I have known the Time when I could go out and pick up 10 or 12 *l.* in a Morning, come Home to Dinner and empty'd, so out again after to Repleniſh.

niſh. But I am ſure the Times now are ſo hard that if my good Father had not conveniently ſtep'd aſide, I could no more have brag'd of living by my Wit, as ſome Men do, than the D——s of *N*—— can of her Chaſtity.

Tr. Pray Doctor, not too ſevere. Why Damnable Healthy? Do you wiſh the Nation a Plague, or an Epidemick Sickneſs, purely to promote your own private Intereſt? Such Expreſſions, methinks, become not Men of your Education, nor indeed ſavour much of Religion.

Dr. What do you talk of that to a Phyſician? I thought you had known the World better than ſo. Is not every Body for their own Intereſt, be Religion what it will? Do's not the greateſt Pretenders to Holineſs cheat with *Yea*, and *Nay*, as oft (if not oftner) as he that ſays *Dam me it coſt me ſo much*, when he knows that he Lies at the ſame time he Swears? and all this to promote a Trade. All the Excuſe being, *a Man muſt live*, Cuſtomers always expect ſome Abatement of what we ask. Nay I have known an Apothecary ſet down 4 *s.* 6 *d.* for a Specifick Bolus, when it has been about a Farthing-worth of Crabs-Eyes in a little *London*-Treacle.

Tr. Ay, Doctor, that may be. That's 4 *s.* for the Word Specifick, and 6 *d.* for the Bolus. Pretty cheap on my Word. But this is not to the purpoſe to explain what you mean by Damnable Healthy.

Dr. Why, Sir, are you always teazing me to explain my meaning? Then if you will have it, I'll tell you. You know that every Body wiſhes well to themſelves; now Health is the greateſt Enemy to our Intereſt and Profit that can be.

Tr. But ye take care ſometimes to ſubdue that Enemy of yours, I believe.

Dr. Good Mr. *Trueman* don't make Reflections upon our Profeſſion, when the Apothecaries after a long Siege have batter'd down the Walls, then the World ſays we deſtroy'd the Town; what reaſon is there in this?

Tr.

Tr. Troth very little, I confeſs, if it be ſo; but however I hope, Doctor, you won't be angry at a Jeſt.

Dr. No, no. But to go on. I call that Damnable Health (thô I know it bears another Senſe) when the Sickneſs is not great enough to require the skill of a Phyſician, but every ignorant Apothecary aſſumes the Cure, and pretends to know more than the learned'ſt Phyſician of us all.

Tr. What then, you would not have the Apothecaries recover Peoples Health? Would you?

Dr. Yes, but I would, by all means, only let 'um do their part in their own Sphere, and within their own Limits or Bounds. For when Men have no lawful Authority to Act, that Action may be call'd Damnable, that is, ſuch an Action as may juſtly be condemned by all Wiſe-men. Now 'tis plain that the Apothecaries have no lawful Commiſſion to do what they do often, and conſequently they may be juſtly condemn'd for doing ſuch an Action. So that if the Patient dies under ſuch an one's Hands, the Law judges him a bold Empyrick; and all Men of Reaſon, the Patient a Fool, eſpecially if he were able to pay.

Tr. Nay, Doctor, now you are grown Grave. We will let this Nicety of examining Words alone; I ſee you are angry with the Apothecaries for invading your Province. However, you have one Comfort left that your Good Father Broke, and left you an Eſtate.

Dr. Broke, Sir? how d'ye mean?

Tr. How; why did not you ſay juſt now, had not your Good Father ſtep'd aſide. What's that but broke? And ſo compounded his Debts to ſupport you with the Cheat.

Dr. Truly Mr. *Trueman* you run a little too faſt now. When I ſaid my Father ſtep'd Aſide, I meant, into his Grave, and left me ſome Eſtate.

Tr. O, Sir, I beg your Pardon, I thought you had meant otherwiſe, becauſe I hear all your whole Eſtate is mortgag'd to pay the old Knights Heir ſome Thouſand's o' Pounds.

Dr. What he has on my Eſtate, I'll not tell you; but I can tell you that he has no more on it than what I am able to pay, thô perhaps more than I am willing at the rate of ſuch unreaſonable Demands. Come let's talk no more of that, we had Rogues and Knaves for our Anceſtors, who brought us in Debt, that's all can be ſaid. You know the old Proverb, *Happy is that Family that has no Whores or Rogues belonging to it.*

[Tom Gallypot *peeps in, with a Glyſter-Pipe in one Hand, and a Cordial Bolus in t'other.*]

Tr. Come in, Come in, we were no ſooner talking of Rogues but enters an Apothecary: Prethee, *Tom*, where haſt been that thou com'ſt with the Accoutrements of thy Profeſſion thus?

Tom G. Truly, Sir, I have been at your Houſe; your Lady was not very well to Day, and ſhe ſent for me to——to——to——Canonade her Poſteriors: You know by my Inſtrument what I have been doing. And now I have done that, I have preſcribed a Specifick Bolus for her to take after it.

Tr. A Pox of your Specifick Bolus, and You. My Wife is never well but when ſhe's taking Phyſick, I think. Prithee, Mr. *Gallypot*, what will be the Charges of this Morning's work?

Gallyp. O, Sir, but little, you never ſtand upon that I am ſure for your Ladies good; ſhe muſt alſo have a Pearl Julep, and an *Anodyne* Draught: and then I hope ſhe'll be very ſpeedily well again.

Tr. A Pox had you with your cramp Names. Tell me what all this will coſt? I am ſure I left her well not above an Hour ago.

Gallyp. [*Starts back.*] Good Sir, be not ſo unreaſonably Paſſionate, and I'll tell you. Sir, The Pearl Julep will be Six Shillings Eight Pence; Pearls being dear ſince our Clipt Money was current. The Specifick Bolus 4 *s.* and 6 *d.* I never reckon leſs; my Maſter in *Leadenhall-ſtreet* never ſet down leſs, be it what it would. The *Antihyſterick* Glyſter, 3 *s.*

and

and 6 *d.* (a Common One is but 2 *s.* 6 *d.*) and the *Anodyne* Draught 3 *s.* 4 *d.* That's all, Sir, a ſmall matter and pleaſe you, Sir, for your Lady. My Fee is what you pleaſe Sir. All the Bill is but Eighteen Shillings.

Tr. Very fine, I'faith, d'ye make a *But* at it? I do ſuppoſe to be Genteel, I muſt give you a Crown.

Gallyp. If your Worſhip pleaſe; I take it to be a fair, and an honeſt Bill.

Tr. Do you ſo indeed? But I wiſh you had call'd a Doctor, perhaps he would have adviſed her to have forbore taking any thing, as yet at leaſt, ſo I had ſaved 13 *s.* in my Pocket.

Gallyp. O Sir, call a Doctor; we never do that, at leaſt very rarely till we have done all we can with the Patients: And when we can't tell what to do with 'um, then we oblige a Doctor and call him in.

Dr. Very fairly confeſſed, Mr. *Gallypot*, I believe you never ſpoke a truer Thing in your Life. I am glad to hear your Confeſſion to Mr. *Trueman*; and am very ſorry the State do's not think fit to handle you a little for your unreaſonable Practices. I ſee you have Impudence enough to demand a Fee too, but do wonder you ſhould do it before my Face.

Gallyp. Truly, Doctor, I did not mind you. However, I hope, I may take what Gentlemen pleaſe to give me.

Dr. Pleaſed to give you? Faith, I am aſhamed to ſee Gentlemen ſo impoſed upon by ye Mrs. Doctors.

Gallyp. Troth, Doctor, that was a Lucky Thought of yours, we are but Mrs. thô they commonly call us Doctors. And now you put me in mind of it, ha'nt you ſeen my Paper, ſet out *March* 2, 1695? wherein I make above half the College of Phyſicians Maſters, thô they are call'd Doctors among themſelves?

Tr. How! Mr. *Gallypot*; How do you do that? That's a Trick and an half, pray let's know it.

Gallyp. O Lord, Mr. *Trueman*, can't you gueſs how? If the Doctor pleaſes, I'll tell you immediately.

Dr.

Dr. With all my Heart, if you make it out, I believe you will be a Man of admirable Sagacity.

Tr. Faith ſo you will, for I can't readily gueſs, thô I am ſometime as good at gueſſing as another, if you can prove that they are no Doctors, who have taken their Degrees in the Univerſities, then you'll certainly be in the right.

Gallyp. Prove? I can infallibly prove more than that if I once undertake it. You muſt know that I own none to be Doctors but thoſe who have regularly done their Exerciſes for Phyſick in one of our Univerſities; that's plain. But hold a little, here's my Brother *Peſtle* of *King-ſtreet* coming in, he can be a Witneſs of the whole. I Gad, I have ſo ferreted and humbled 'um, that I'll ſpoil their Aſſociation againſt the Apothecaries; for they have Aſſociated by the Names of Doctors, and I'll prove above half of 'um to be but Maſters at beſt.

[*Enter* Lancet Peſtle, *with a Plaiſter-Box in his Hand.*]

Brother *Peſtle*, I am glad you are come in, in this nick of time; I was juſt a telling Mr. *Trueman* how I have humbled the College of Phyſicians, has'nt thee read my Paper of Queries I put out *March* 2, 1695? Do'ſt not ſee how ſmartly and finely I jerk 'um? Hey.

Peſtle. Ay Brother, I muſt needs ſay you have done your part very handſomely, thô I don't hear any Body took much Notice of what you ſaid.

Gallyp. True, that may be. And do'sn't that ſhow their want of Underſtanding the more? None but a Block-head would ſlight ſuch ſmart Reflections. O that I could think of a ſhort Saying in the Claſſicks relating to this Matter. I vow 'twas a ſmart one, I remember it in Engliſh.

Tr. What was it Mr. *Gallypot?* can't I help you out? what did it relate too?

Gallyp. 'Tis a Saying in Latin, all which I have now almoſt forgot, except Phyſick-Latin; I remember 'twas a piece of a Verſe out of *Tacitus*, or *Suetonius*, I can't tell which. *Tr.*

Tr. Come, come, Mr. *Gallypot*, let your two Poets alone, perhaps you may think of *Ovid*, or *Horace*.

Gallyp. Ay really ſo 'twas, but 'tis a long while ago, ſo I had forgot their Names on a ſudden.

Tr. What! perhaps it was, *Pudet hæc opprobria nobis, & dici potuiſſe, & non potuiſſe refelli.*

Gallyp. I troth that's the very Saying. I thank you that you have help'd me out. Now is that not plain to the purpoſe? *Horace* was a fine Fellow, I vow he was Mr. *Trueman*. Thô I don't well know whether *Ovid*, or he ſaid it; yet they were both fine Fellows.

Peſtle. Ay ſo they were, I believe, Brother. But I am in haſte, and muſt go to blood an Eminent Citizen in *Tower-ſtreet*. So, I am in haſte.

Tr. Hold a little, Mr. *Peſtle*, one Word with you before you go. Blood, Mr. *Peſtle!* I thought you had been an Apprentice to an Apothecary.

Peſtle. So I was, Sir, but I thank God, and my own Induſtry, I have by my Diligence perfectly acquired the whole Knowledg of Surgery. I Phlebotomize as well as the beſt Surgeon in *London*, thô I ſay it that ſhould not ſay it. I'll tell you how I came to be ſo dextrous in performing that Operation in particular.

Tr. Well now am I fairly hope up, between two of ye, one endeavouring to prove all his Doctors to be Maſters, and t'other ſhowing his dexterity in Phlebotomizing, as he calls it. What a Pox, were not both of ye bred Apothecaries?

Gallyp. and *Peſtle.* Sir, pray be not ſo paſſionate. Yes we were both of us bred Apothecaries. But Knowledg——

Enter Meſſenger.

Meſſ. Is Dr. *Peſtle* here?

Peſtle. Yes he is. What d'ye come from Sir *Thomas* in *Tower-ſtreet*? What do's he want to be let blood immediately?

Meſſ. Yes, Sir, he do's, and ſtays for you. *Peſtle.*

Peſtle. Good Lad, Well, I'll come preſently. [*Exit. Meſſeng.*] Now I know he will be blooded by no Body elſe; I have perſwaded him that all the Surgeons are Blunderers, as to Bleeding. Sir *Thomas* is a Good-natur'd Gentleman. He believes that no Body underſtands the curing a Diſeaſe, or an Ulcer, or indeed any Thing, but an Apothecary. Faith he is one of the honeſteſt Gentlemen in *England.*

Tr. You make him a fine Gentleman indeed. Honeſt! For no other reaſon as I ſee but becauſe he ſuffers himſelf to be made a Fool of by ſuch as you.

Peſtle. But, Mr. *Trueman*, aſſure your ſelf, he's a Man of very good Senſe: All the Apothecaries in Town ſay ſo. and then I am ſure it muſt be true. He pays well, and takes Phyſick freely; beſides I particularly know his Conſtitution: after Bleeding he muſt take a Purge or two, then ſome Cordial Powders, Dulcifiers of the Blood, and two or three odd Things more. But as I was ſaying, this Sir *Thomas* has a Vein as fine, and as ſmall as the fineſt Silk you can imagine: I'll tell you what I did to learn to let him Blood, I took a fine, nay ſuper-fine Cobweb, and pick'd out of it one of the ſmalleſt Filaments, or Threads I could find: This Filament or Thread of the Cobweb, as I told you, I lay upon a convenient place, as I remember upon a piece of white Paper, then I took my Lancet, and without the leaſt Heſitation, divided it ſoquickly, all the whole length, to the great Admiration of the Standers by, that———

Tr. This was very admirable indeed, and almoſt like the Virtuoſo's learning firſt to ſwim on a Table in order to ſwim in the Water. But ſuppoſe this true, do's this make you a compleat Surgeon, ſo as to undertake the Cure of any Ulcer, or Wound?

Peſtle. Puh! Mr. *Trueman*, I tell you 'tis an eaſy thing for a Man of Parts to be a Surgeon; do but buy a Lancet, Forceps, Saw; talk a little of Contuſions, Fractures, Compreſs and Bandage: You'll preſently, by moſt people, be thought an Excel-

Excellent Surgeon. Eſpecially ——d'ye mind me — Lord, you Nod, methinks, as if you were Sleepy.

Tr. O, Sir, I hear you: But I ſate up late laſt Night, and am a little Drowſy. But I heard you ſay you were a Man of Parts, I think, and that you had two Familiar Acquaintance Compreſs and Bandage: I grant it, Sir, *(rubbing his Eyes)* but ſtill how do's this make you a Surgeon? You may as well ſay my keeping Company with a Biſhop may make me a good Divine.

Peſtle. Alas! poor Gentleman, I find you did not ſleep well laſt Night. Hah! Hah! I can't but laugh at your Miſtake. My two Acquaintance! Hah! Hah! Hah! a pretty Miſtake!— but true enough: For a Man muſt be acquainted with his Buſineſs indeed; now Compreſs and Bandage being a part of it, you may term them my Familiar Acquaintance, if you pleaſe, Mr. *Trueman.*—Lord, I think the Devil's in you for Drowſineſs, and Gaping.

Tr. Pray, Mr. *Peſtle,* pray ſay ſomething then that may divert me and keep me awake, for I proteſt to hear you talk of skill in Surgery will never do; for my part I am for employing every Man in his own way, the Doctor for Advice, the Apothecary for Medicines, and the Surgeon for Wounds, *&c.*

Peſtle. Now, how you are miſtaken again, don't you think that one Man, being an Apothecary, may underſtand perfectly and thorowly all three parts?

Tr. O, Sir, being an Apothecary indeed he may underſtand very much, as you ſay, eſpecially if he be a Man of great Learning.

Peſtle. Learning? That ſignifies but little in this Age, nor (I thank our kind Stars) had ever leſs Encouragement; if you but profeſs your ſelf an Apothecary, and then undertake any thing whatever, (as we dare do) no body queſtions but that you are an Able Doctor, and a Good Surgeon, at any time.

Tr. Very fine, on my Word; and do you think the World ſo blind as to believe it?

Peſtle. Faith, Mr. *Trueman*, they generally are. I my ſelf have turn'd out ſeveral Doctors out of Families, becauſe they would not preſcribe Phyſick *plentifully*, and in large Quantities. I have perſwaded my Patients, that they did not well underſtand their Diſtemper; ſo have brought in another who has *ſwingingly dos'd 'um*. I could tell you of a Sir *Harry* that paid an 100 *l.* for Phyſick in ſix Weeks, and I accepted it, being a Friend, without requiring one Penny for my own Fees.—You don't know the Myſtery of Trade.

Tr. In plain Engliſh, I know not what you call Myſtery, but I now know the Roguery of that Doctor and you too. What an 100 *l.* in 6 Weeks? Bleſs me, what did ſhe take? I believe ſhe ſwallow'd Guinea's made into Bullets for the Gripes, ſo diſcharg'd 'um again for the Gold-finders. For I hear Guineas are grown ſo cheap that Ladies begin to think that they can take them cheaper than Apothecaries Doſes.

Peſtle. O Abominable! Do'ſt hear Brother *Gallypot*? I proteſt, Mr. *Trueman*, you ſcan Peoples Actions too narrowly. Wou'dn't you have us live?

Tr. The ſame Queſtion may be as well ask'd by an Highway-man, or a Pick-pocket. Live upon honeſt Gains, come do, and then it will *wear* well.

Peſtle. Well, Sir, I go to Sir *Thomas*, and wait on you again preſently. [*Exit.*

Tr. Nay, if you muſt be gone, e'en let's all go for the preſent, and diſcourſe the reſt over to Morrow. [*Exeunt Omnes.*

ACT

ACT II. SCENE II.

Being the Repreſentation of ſeveral Apothecaries, weighing Rich Mens Brains in their Scales, by Scruples.

Enter Dr. J. Galen *and* Trueman.

Dr. MR. *Trueman,* methinks 'twas a pretty Diverſion yeſterday, to hear the Apothecary brag of his Skill in Surgery and Phyſick; I could not imagine what he had to ſet up with, but a large ſtock of Impudence: I know all his Medicines in his Shop did not coſt above Fifty Pound, and in Six Weeks Time has he made an hundred Pound of one part of it? Such Reflections as theſe wou'd make a Man burn his Books, and curſe the Gentility of his Education. It ſeems indeed wonder to me, that ſo many Gentlemen who ſerve in Parliament, and have oft-times many Younger Sons to provide for, do not find out a way to ſuppreſs theſe griping Empyricks, and Quacks, that their Children may be the better able to ſupport themſelves in a Genteel Profeſſion, anſwerable to the Expence they have been at in their Education. In troth 'tis a thing worthy Conſideration.

Tr. Truly, Doctor, I am of your Opinion, but in ſuch Points our Engliſh Gentlemen of what Sect ſoever are generally of the ſame Temper with thoſe they call Church of *England*-Men, that is, *lazy and ſlow in proſecuting a Publick Intereſt, but active enough to promote their own private Advantage.* And this, to give you but one Inſtance, is evident enough in the Choice of a Parliament-Man, where the active Diſſenter generally gets the Day, becauſe the lazy Church-Man won't ſtir to manage a

Publick Cauſe and chooſe honeſt Repreſentatives, tho' his own private Intereſt may be often promoted by the aſſiſtance of ſuch a Publick Friend.

Dr. We have an Engliſh Saying that do's a great deal of Miſchief, which is this, *That which is every Bodies Buſineſs is no Bodies Buſineſs.* Therefore I wonder that the College of Phyſicians don't petition the Parliament for a Remedy in this Caſe, and make it their particular Buſineſs.

Enter Tom Gallypot *haſtily.*

T. Gallyp. College of Phyſicians! What of them? by your leave, Doctor, I think the Company of Apothecaries very Subſtantial Men, and are able to buy twice your College. They are Monyed-Men; and have an Intereſt almoſt every where. College of Phyſicians! they are Learn'd Men they ſay, but what's that to Money? Hah! Hah! Hah!.

Dr. Look you, Mr. *Trueman*, I ſuppoſe you know this Gentleman is an Apothecary by his Carriage, and rude Behaviour.

Tr. Know him, Doctor? Ay very well, but I ſuppoſe he has been taking a *large Whet* this Morning.

Gallyp. No, Sir, but I ha'n't, I underſtand the regulating my Health better than ſo; I that have practis'd Phyſick now near 30 Years know better things than *Whets*, as you call 'um.

Tr. Nay, *Tom*, if thee wou'lt have no Excuſe made for thy Uncivility, I have done. Then for ought I know Impudence is as neceſſary an Ingredient to an Apothecary, as Sugar of Pearl for your Pearl Cordials, with a Pox.

Gallyp. Sir, you are my Patient, ſo you may ſay what you pleaſe. But ſaving the Doctor's Preſence, I hope you remember what I ſaid yeſterday about my Paper that I put out *March* 2, 1695. wherein I cut out half the College from being Doctors.

Dr. I have no Patience to hear this Fellow's prating.

Tr.

Tr. Nay, but prethee Doctor, ſtay a little longer.

Dr. I beg your Excuſe, I'll wait on you to Morrow. [*Exit.*

Gallyp. Ho! I know he wou'd'nt ſtay to hear my Reaſons againſt their worthy Society.

Tr. Nor indeed do I deſire it. But if I muſt of neceſſity hear them, prethee put me out of Pain as ſoon as you can.

T. Gallyp. Why I'll tell you now. Some of them took their Degrees at *Leyden*, ſome at *Padua*, ſome at *Utrecht*, ſome in *Scotland*, others incorporated at *Cambridg*, or Commenced Doctors, as an Honour conferred on them, being in the Retinue of ſome Great Perſon, as Ambaſſador, *&c.* Now all theſe *in reality* are *no Doctors*; and conſequently every Member of the College that is ſuch cannot rightly be called Doctor.

Tr. Why not, good Mr. *Gallypot*, is not a Doctor of Phyſick bred in Foreign Univerſities as much a Doctor as one bred at our Univerſities? As to their Titles I ſee no Difference.

Gallyp. But I hope you will allow it to be more Honourable to be educated regularly in one of our own Univerſities, and ſo Commence Doctor in One's Turn.

Tr. Suppoſe that were ſo, yet I hope they are Doctors ſtill?

Gallyp. But, Sir, I ſay they are not properly Doctors. For then an Apothecary, or Farrier may go to *Leyden* a Year or two, come afterwards to that *free and unqueſtioning* Univerſity of *Cambridg* to be dubb'd Doctor, and ſtraightway be admitted into the College of Phyſicians.

Tr. I ſuppoſe you mean by *properly Doctors*, ſuch Qualifications as you require, they want. Elſe I ſhould (as in other Caſes) think they were properly ſo. For a Church is properly a Church, ſo and ſo Built, and Conſecrated. And a Logger-head arguing very ſilly is properly a Logger-head. Beſides I doubt ſuch Remarks come Home upon your Self.

Gallyp. Well, Sir, then let's bar Reflections, e'en let it be ſo as you ſay. Come, I hate arguing. But let me tell you under the Roſe, I can write a Preſcription as well as any of um all,

I learn'd that the firſt thing I did, by reading Doctors Bills in my Shop.

Tr. So, I am glad I have brought you to a good Temper: And I do believe you had better been an Apothecary ſtill. For to ſpeak properly, as you call it, you are a Mr. Doctor, or Dr. Maſter, which you pleaſe. But enough, hold, who is that coming hither ſo gravely? what's his Name?

Enter Retorto Spatula d' Ulceroſo.

Gullyp. I can't call him readily to my mind, but I know him very well by Sight. I uſe to meet him at Apothecaries-Hall.

Tr. Sir, your Humble Servant. Pray, don't you belong to the Spaniſh Ambaſſador?

Retorto. [*Stroaking his Whiskers*] No, Sir, but I am an Italian born, my Name is *Retorto Spatula d' Ulceroſo*; I was bred in *Italy* what you call an Apothecary, by which I attained to the Knowledg of Phyſick, both the Theoretick and Practick part: I alſo exerciſe the Art of Chyrurgery, as Scarrifying, Cupping, Stupes, Rollers, and Bandage, *&c.* Beſides, I can by Chymiſtry extract the Quinteſſence of the Four Elements, and tame the Red Dragon: and in fine, I can make up a Cordial, Bolus, or Pills, *according to the beſt mode in Foreign Countries,* as you may ſee in my Shop in ——— *lane.*

Tr. Hold, Sir, not too faſt; after all with your hard Names, I believe you are bred an Outlandiſh Apothecary; and they, forſooth, make up things far better than our Engliſh Apothecaries do theirs.

Retort. O, Sir, infinitely better, in my Shop I ſhould be aſhamed if *my Pills* look'd not like true Gold; tho' but gilt, *my Bolus*'s are put up all in gilt Paper, cut in fine Shapes and Figures: a Quire coſts me 5 *s.* the cutting; beſides the Paper is pure *Venice*-Paper: My Cordials are all put into *Venice*-Vials, *&c.* and all this *Alamodo d' Italiano,* to make the Phyſick *taſte* the better, *work* the better, and *look* the better. O fine Italians!

Tr.

Tr. Now you ſay ſomething, *look the better*; but to taſte the better, or work the better, I don't well underſtand. Will a Vomit work the better for being in a fine *Venice*-Glaſs? I think a little Naſtineſs for a Vomit makes it work the better. I knew a Doctor that uſed to ſtir it with his Finger, before he gave it, to make it nauſeate the more.

Retort. O, Sir, that be very unhandſome. No Engliſh-man can do ſo finely as I can.

Tr. Then I muſt beg your Pardon, I believe they can all do as well as you pretend; but I ſhould look on it as a needleſs piece of Foppery if they all ſhould do as you do. And I am ſure the Patient muſt pay more Sawce for his Medicines.

Retort. O, Sir, that's very true; a good Cook will be well pay'd for his Sawce, you know Sir.

Tr. A Pox, but this is paying Sawce for the uſe of Diſhes, like a young *Oxford*-Scholar's Treat, if he ſpends Five Pound in Meat, 'tis odds but he pays 3 or 4 *l.* for the uſe of Diſhes and Linen.

Retort. Sir, notwithſtanding all this, I never reckon for a little Bolus above 11 or 12 *s.* made of very good *Diaſcordium*, very good *Gaſcoin*-Powder, and a little Pearl.

Tr. No, on my Word that's mighty kind, to take not above 12 *s.* for all your fine Dreſſing, and a Groats-worth of Medicines. And do you take any Apprentices?

Retorto. Yes, Sir, I do, for about 100 *l.* a Lad.

Tr. Faith, and very well worth it too, and a great deal of Money ſaved, if you teach him all your Trades; for the Devils in't if one don't hit. For the Education of a Son to be a regular Doctor is reputed 1000 *l.* Charge at long run. Any Surgeon of Note will have 120 *l.* or more, an Apothecary 50 *l.* or more; a Chymiſt perhaps as much. Now if you will teach my Son all theſe Arts and Sciences, I think I have a very good Bargain.

Retort. I'll certainly do it Sir, never doubt it.

Tr.

Tr. Well, agreed: I'll ſend my Eldeſt Son to you, and when he is out of his Time, I'll bind all his Younger Brothers to him, ſo each will have 4 Trades or Callings, won't they Mr. *Retorto*?

Retort. D'ye doubt it? I thought you had known an Apothecary better than to disbelieve him in his own Calling. Nay, Sir, to be free with you, I'll teach you how to multiply Medicines ſo faſt upon a Patient, that in a Weeks time he ſhall get ten Pound in ſome Caſes, when the Doctor ſhan't get above 20*s.*

Tr. That's a rare Art indeed, then I ſuppoſe you muſt attack your Patient with a Quadripartite Army of Medicines drawn from all Quarters of your four Sciences.

Retort. I can do it, and will; and if you don't think this enough, here's my Brother *Comprehenſive* a coming.

[*Enter* Comprehenſive.]

He can beſides this teach him to make all ſorts of Sweet-Meats, buy and ſell Drugs, diſtil all ſorts of Strong-Waters; nay cut Corns for a need to Perſons of Quality.

Tr. O, Sir, then he is a Corn-cutter only to Perſons of Quality.

Retort. No, not unleſs he pleaſes.

Tr. Nor any thing elſe, unleſs he pleaſes. However, I am content my Son ſhall only learn your four Arts, or Sciences, as you call them. I think that's enough for One, eſpecially if he learn throughly the laſt, that is, to multiply Medicines ſo as to get Ten Pounds to the Doctor's Twenty Shillings.

Retort. That, aſſure your Self, I'll teach him perfectly: For all the Apothecaries in Town now underſtand it pretty well; and, I think, I underſtand it *exceeding* well.

Tr. Well, Sir, I thank you for your Kindneſs; but I'll ſee ye all at the Devil firſt, to learn how to ſwallow *Aſſafœtida*, before ye ſhall have the Education of my Son. I think, if it be poſſible, ye have leſs Honeſty than a Lawyer that has but one Cauſe in a Year to keep him, and his Family, out of ——

Compreh.

Compreh. Sir, by your leave, this is not fit Language for a Gentleman Apothecary to bear: He's a Brother of the Quill, and an honeſt Man, I'll juſtify it. He was Maſter of the Company not long ago.

Tr. That may be, and never the honeſter Man, if he teaches his Apprentices that Cheat. But, by your leave, I ſuppoſe you are an Apothecary too by your Talk. Pray, what may I call your Name?

Compreh. My Name, Sir, is *Jack Comprehenſive*, originally a North Country-man, and Brother Apothecary to this Worthy Gentleman, Mr. *Retorto Spatula d' Ulceroſo*, Apothecary, Surgeon, Chymiſt and Doctor.

Tr. Ay, Sir, his Titles I knew before; and pray, Sir, how many have you?

Compreh. Sir, I am, in ſhort, generally call'd Doctor only, but I alſo p ofeſs my ſelf a Surgeon: An Apothecary, I ſhould have ſaid firſt, then Surgeon, Chymiſt, Druggiſt, Confectioner, Diſtiller, *&c.* And, to Perſons of Quality, Corn-Cutter. And——

Tr. Hold, Sir, pray a little, 'till—— I'll take out my Table-Book, leſt I ſhould miſcal you, and not give you your right Title.

Compreh. O, Sir, no matter, Sir, to give your Self that Trouble; I anſwer to any one of them.

Tr. Sir, I am glad you do, for fear of giving Offence. Then pray, Mr. *Corn Cutter* of Quality (that was the laſt Title I heard) tell me, ſince you have ſo many Trades, which of all theſe were you bound to firſt? Or were you bound to 'um all at once?

Compreh. Corn-Cutter of Quality! What, could you pick out none but that? I told you I was uſually call'd Doctor, and nothing elſe. I won't tell you what Trade I was bound to. One would think you had Senſe enough to gueſs I was an Apothecary.

Tr. Good Sir, pray don't be ſo angry. How ſhould I gueſs ſo many Trades to center in one Man?

Compreh. Then I ſee you don't know the Town. I thought you had told me you had been in Town above 30 Years.

Tr. Truly ſo I have, and have known Apothecaries call'd Doctors, which is but two Names; but you are Apothecary, Doctor, Chymiſt, Diſtiller.—Hold, Call my Man to give me my Pocket-Book out of — O! I have it by me in my Pocket. Faith, you muſt excuſe me, I can't remember all your Titles.

Compreh. 'Tis no matter, Sir, remember but Doctor, that's enough, I'll anſwer to that, if you pleaſe.

Tr. Mr. *Comprehenſive the Apothecary*'s a better Name, in my mind; it do's not pleaſe me to call you Doctor.

Compreh. Then call me what you pleaſe; I am ſure ſome of the Greateſt Men of the Nation honour us with that Title, and value our Skill above a Phyſician's often.

Tr. I am ſorry they do; and do think it a great Fault in our Government that Men of Liberal and Ingenious Education—

Enter Dr. Galen.

Dr. *Galen.* Hold, let me go on. I heard what you were upon: —I think you were ſaying the Government wou'd do well to ſuppreſs ſuch Cheats, Quacks, and Empyricks.

Tr. No, Doctor, they were not my Words. But I was ſaying that I thought it a Fault in a Government that Men of Liberal and Ingenious Education ſhould not have the Countenance of that Government under which they live, ſo far as to have a Power granted them to puniſh Men who act out of their Sphere, and Invade the Rights and Privileges of their Neighbours: This is what I was about to ſay, but you interrupted me.

Dr. I beg your Pardon. When I hear theſe Apothecaries talk of their Practice, their Skill in Diſeaſes, and Medicines, their taking of Fees, and Pretenſion to even the moſt difficult

Diſeaſes,

Diſeaſes, it puts me into a Paſſion, then I am apt to call 'um Cheats, and Quacks. [*Peſtle and Gallypot peep in.*

Tr. Hold a little, Doctor, yonder are the other two a coming; if you talk at this Rate, they'l bait you to Death: I adviſe you to retire.

Compreh. Now, Doctor, you highly value your ſelf for your Title; Brethren come hither, come in. [*Beckoning to* Peſtle *and* Gallypot. *The Doctor haſtily runs off.*

P. and *G.* What's the matter ye look ſo angry?

Comp. and *Retort.* Angry! why the Doctor has moſt abominably abuſed all Apothecaries; he calls us Quacks, and Cheats: as if an Apothecary could be a Cheat, or Knave.

P. and *G.* Did he ſo? wou'd we had come time enough; we wou'd a rounded his Doctorſhip.

Tr. Now, Gentlemen, I ſee ye are all four together, I'll leave ye a little, and go ſee if I can reduce this Doctor to a better Temper. —Your Servant. [*Retires only behind the Hangings.*

T. Gallyp. Come, Gentlemen, now we are got by our Selves, let's talk a little about Trade: How ſtand Affairs? Is there any Buſineſs ſtirring? We ought to have a meeting every now and then, to ſettle what ought to be the Prizes of our Medicines. Pray how do ye at your end of the Town prize a Doſe of Common Purging Pills?

Retort. Why, Brother, about Eighteen Pence, ſometime Two Shillings, with an *Houſtus* after them of Three and Six Pence.

Peſtle. And can you live ſo? I believe all the Things coſt you at leaſt a Shilling out of Pocket.

Retort. No, God forbid! How could I live then? indeed they coſt me about Six Pence, and I take but Five Shillings and Six Pence, ſometime leſs, and I think that's honeſt Gains. Hey Brother!

J. Compreh. O very honeſt! very fair! There's nothing can be fairer in the World! Shall I tell ye Gentlemen? I not long ago had a Patient, who accidentally had a Robuſt heavy Fellow tread on a Corn that grew on his leſt Toe, which put him into ſome pain. I perſwaded him he was a little Feveriſh, ſo blooded him, and apply'd a Cauſtick to his Toe (as I told him) to eat out the Corn: But unluckily eat to the very Bone, and made a pretty handſome Ulcer. Then I Bliſter'd him, and diſtilled ſome *Antifebrifuge* Drops, Specificks for him only, and good for no body elſe beſides. In ſhort, he lay Ill of this but Eleven Weeks, and what do'ſt think he wou'd have paid me for the Cure?

T. Gallyp. Faith, I can't tell, perhaps 40 *l.* But why did'ſt not call in a Surgeon at laſt for a dead Lift?

J. Compreh. O Pox Man! I ſaw I cou'd do it my ſelf, tho' but ſlowly. But Faith, I thank my Stars, I have learn'd now to uſe them like the Doctors, never call in either, but when I can't tell what to do my ſelf.

T. Gallyp. Right, ſo have I, but what had'ſt at laſt?

J. Compreh. What do'ſt talk of Forty Pound! Indeed as an Apothecary not above Thirty Pound a Month, or ſo, was enough; but as Doctor (and ſaving thereby many Fees) and Surgeon alſo, I ask'd him but 132 *l.* 12 *s.* 8 *d.* And he ſcrupl'd to give it me.

Tr. [*Peeps in from behind the Hangings.*] And, Faith, if he had paid you the odd 12 *s.* and 8 *d.* I think he had paid you too much: A Parcel of Canary-Birds, now your Rogueries and Cheats come out.

Retort. Prethee who was that peep'd in and talk'd ſo, was it not Mr. *Trueman?* Well, I like that Man's Company very well, were he not too Cenſorious upon a Man for getting an honeſt Livelyhood.

T. Gallyp. Ay, He is well enough but he has that diſobliging Humour in him.

Tr.

Tr. What a Pox, if I tell ye that ye are Knaves and Cheats, when ye are ſo, this ye call a diſobliging Humour: Leave of Cheating then, and practiſe fair in your own Sphere.

Peſtle. Cheats, and Rogues, and Knaves! That will bear an Action I am ſure. Let's at him at Law, and maull him: Have none of ye a Lawyer Clapt, or (to ſpeak more modeſtly) has the High Scurvy; let us employ him; As we take his Money, let him take ours: I warrant ye, we'll out-do him in making a Bill of Coſts.

J. Compreh. That, Brother, I don't queſtion: Beſides you know if a Man be a Knave 'tis an hard Matter to prove him ſo. Let's put him upon the proof of any one Apothecary in Town. If he ſhould at laſt prove it, why 'tis but one Maungy-Hound in a whole Pack.

Retort. Soft and fair Brother. For ſuppoſe he ſhould prove you, or me, Brother, to be that very Knave ye talk'd of. Don't venture Proofs. Come let's threaten him with it, and he'll hold his Tongue a-courſe.

T. Gallyp. Gad, I won't venture it, not I.

Peſtle. Nor I neither. Come let's talk of ſomething elſe.

Retort. Ay, Prethee, Brother *Comprehenſive*, tell me, did'ſt abate him any thing of the Bill.

J. Compreh. Yes, Faith, I did; being an old Cuſtomer, I abated the odd 32 *l.* 8 *s.* and 4 *d.* and took a Goldſmith's Note for the other.

Retort. On my Word pretty well paid too. I ſuppoſe he had a good Eſtate, and was a Knight at leaſt. But prethee deal ingeniouſly with me, What did it coſt thee but of Pocket?

J. Compreh. Some body will hear me, or elſe I would: I caſt it up to a Penny to ſatisfie my ſelf what really I gain'd by my Medicines.

T. Gallyp. No, No, Here are none but Friends, prethee tell us, I know you deal with Lords, Ladies, and Knights; who ſometimes pay, and ſometimes not: But when they do pay, beſure you mount 'um.

J. Compreh.

J. Compreh. To tell you the Truth they coſt — Hold look if no Body be near us ——

Peſtle. No; I'll look my ſelf *(Looks)* there's no Body.

J. Compreh. Then, to be plain, the prime Coſt was Six Pound 17 *s.* 6 *d.* Farthing, or near that: So I got in the 11 Weeks clear Gains not above 93 *l.* of one Patient. That's all.

T. Gallyp. Wou'd I had half a Score ſuch: I cannot for the Life of me make above Sixteen Pound in Twenty clear Gains; I mean not reckoning in my By-Fees of Ten Shillings, and Five Shillings, or ſo.

J. Compreh. No! Come that's pretty well too, conſidering you are only Doctor, and Apothecary. But I am Surgeon, and Chymiſt, *&c.* you know.

Enter Trueman *from behind the Curtain.*

Tr. Is the Doctor here?

All. Yes, Yes, and all run to him to know what's the matter.

Tr. Hey! I find ye are all Doctors. O, *Tom Gallypot*, go call Dr. *Galen*, and bid him go to my Wife, ſhe's fall'n Ill again.

T. Gallyp. Sir, He'an't at Home; Can't I do it? Sir, 'twill ſave you Fees.

Tr. How d'ye know he'ant at Home? Go I ſay, I ſend for him becauſe I would ſave Money. I know laſt time how I ſaved Money by you indeed.

T. Gallyp. Well, if you will have the Doctor, I'll wait on him to your Lady. [*Offers to go out.*

Tr. Stay a little; now ye are all here together I muſt tell you, with the reſt, before you go, that there was ſome body behind the Curtain, when the Medicines coſt but Six Pound Seventeen Shillings and Six Pence; and an Hundred Pound was paid for them.

All. O the Devil! What are we Betray'd?

Tr.

Tr. Betray'd, d'ye call it? No; but ye have told your Rogueries, and Cheats, in Private, and I'll publiſh 'um to the World, with my own Sentiments about the Practice of Phyſick.

T. Gallyp. Ay pray do, ſo you don't reflect on us; you uſe to do things very fair ſometimes.

Tr. Well, *Tom*, my Advice to a Patient is as ſoon as he is Ill, to ſend for ſome Doctor of the Lower Rank, of whoſe Learning and Skill in Phyſick he has an Opinion; and in caſe he grow worſe, to ſend for one of greater Fame, Reputation, and Vogue in the World to joyn in Conſult: For the Diligence of the one, who has leſs Fame, and Vogue in the World (tho' perhaps equal in Learning and Skill really, tho' not thought ſo in the Eye of the World) may, and oft do's make amends for the ſuppoſed greater Skill of the other Phyſitian, by which means the Patient may more reaſonably, and upon juſter grounds expect a Cure. Beſides the Hurry, and Multitude of Buſineſs that diſtracts the Heads of Men in great Practice, and makes 'um either forget what they did formerly in the like Caſes, or at leaſt write but curſorily, and as they ſay, juſt for their Fee, would by this means be a little tempered; and by the conſtant Attendance and Obſervation of the Diligent Phyſician, the ſuppoſed Great Man may be put in mind of uſing ſome more proper Medicines for the Patient, which perhaps he would otherwiſe forget. Theſe, Gentlemen, are my real Sentiments.

T. Gallyp. Now, Maſter, I like your Diſcourſe very well, ſeeing you make no Remarks on Apothecaries. Beſides perhaps it may open Peoples Eyes to employ me the ſooner, for tho' I am an Old Apothecary, I am but a Young Doctor, For I viſit in either Capacity, either as an Old Apothecary, which is as good as a Young Doctor, or as a Young Doctor, and that's as good as t'other again.

Tr. But I thought you had left off Shop, and ſtuck only to your Doctorſhip.

T. Gallyp.

T. Gallyp. So I do *openly*, but *privately I keep a Shop*, and ſide in all Things with the Apothecaries againſt the Doctors; I am, and will be to ſuch Families, as yours, an Apothecary ſtill, that pay well.

T. Ay, *Tom*, 16 *l.* in 20 *l.* is good Gains. Your Apothecaryſhip, I believe, out do's your Doctorſhip.

T. Gallyp. What, Sir, I believe you heard me jeſt a little among the reſt. But pray no more Reflections, I beſeech you.

Tr. Well, I'll ſay nothing to you about your Degree, for to me you are an Apothecary ſtill, and no other; to you as ſuch, and to ye all I direct my Speech, 'tis my Opinion that ye all ought to be forced to take moderate Prizes, and be content with honeſt Gains.

Peſtle. So we are: What wou'd you propoſe?

Tr. In Troth, Mr. *Peſtle*, my Propoſal will ſignify but little I know; but were I to adviſe the Law-makers, they ſhould make a Law that no Apothecaries Bills ſhould be paid till firſt Taxed by Two or more Doctors, appointed in every Diſtrict, or Diviſion, in and about the City of *London*.

Peſtle. That's very fine indeed: How is that Practicable?

Tr. Why not? as well as the Attorney's Bills by the Protonotories.

Peſtle. That's only when the Client thinks himſelf overrated.

Tr. So ſhould this be, when the Patient thinks himſelf overrated in Medicines. This would prevent the extravagant Cheats put upon the Patient off, and be decided without the unneceſſary Suits of Law. I am well aſſured that very oft 'tis cheaper to fee a Doctor and pay you for Medicines, than employ one of ye as Doctor and Apothecary too.

Peſtle.

Peſtle. Very fine again: You, and your Politicks, You wou'd make the Doctors our Governours, wou'd you? Good Mr. *Trueman*, we beg your Excuſe, we are His Majeſty's Free-born Subjects. And after all, pray, Mr. *Trueman*, How do the Doctors underſtand to make Medicines? How do they underſtand the Prices of Drugs? Puh! you talk you know not what. Come, let's leave him.

Tr. Mr. *Peſtle*, by your leave a little. How did all the Apothecaries learn to make Medicines at firſt? 'Tis very probable that Men of Learning, Study and Induſtry (ſuch which the World has call'd Phyſicians) firſt found out the uſe of Herbs, Minerals, *&c.* Out of theſe, proportionably mixed, formed Compound Medicines; and their Preſcriptions taught the Apothecaries the general uſe of theſe Medicines: Which made the Apothecaries uſe *theſe Weapons firſt formed againſt all Diſeaſes* (as I beg leave to call 'um) *peculiarly againſt the Firſt Inventer*, to deſtroy him Root and Branch if poſſible. Like the *Spaniards* in the *Weſt-Indies*, who thought it good Policy (tho' 'twas neither Honeſty nor Chriſtianity) to deſtroy the Natives wholly; to make the Poſſeſſion of their Country more quiet and ſecure. The Gentility of their Profeſſion, I confeſs, has been a great hindrance to them in reaping thoſe Advantages as they might (and with more Honeſty than any of ye) otherwiſe have done.

Peſtle. E'en let 'um be Genteel ſtill, I don't think 'um indeed ſuch Fools, as that they cannot make Medicines if they will; but why can't they keep their Learning and Gentility to themſelves, and let us alone?

Tr. O, Sir, I am glad you allow 'um to be capable of learning to make Medicines if they pleaſe. Now, Mr. *Peſtle*, to tell you the plain Truth, I hear they have actually made ſeveral good Medicines at the College, and continue ſo to do; neither do I think it ſo very difficult to underſtand

making Compound Medicines, and prizing of them: For if I know the Price of every Simple, ſure 'tis very eaſy for me to gueſs what the whole Maſs coſt, and ſo conſequently by a farther Calculation tell you what an Ounce, half an Ounce, or a Dram of that Maſs may be ſold for: Thus I have made it plain that they can make Medicines, and prize 'um too.

Peſtle. How can they tell tho' when a Medicine is good?

Tr. Very eaſy, Mr. *Peſtle*, they have taſte, and ſight to judge by as well as ye, by which they diſcern the Goodneſs of Simples that make every Compound, and the Goodneſs alſo of that Compound. Beſides, if ever they have bought good out of your Shops, (and yours is always right prime good, ye know) or have made good, they may, and I believe can make the like again.

Peſtle. Suppoſe all this true, tho' I am reſolved I won't believe it true; who after all ſhall give Attendance to obſerve the Operations of Medicines?

Tr. Who ſhou'd but the Doctors themſelves? They are paid for attending their Patients.

Peſtle. Hah! Hah! Hah! Attending? I mean adminiſtring Phyſick; how I ſhould laugh to ſee a Doctor giving a Glyſter, and the Bladder break and beſpatter all his Velvet Jacket: Hah! Hah! Hah!

Tr. I find you wou'd be merry at ſuch a Miſchance as that; but that's but Idle to object, becauſe every Nurſe do's that Office acourſe, and all that ye pretend to about ſick Perſons, or elſe are but ſorrowful Nurſes. As for Bleeding, the Surgeon ought to be employ'd. As for Chymical Medicines, the Chymiſt is at hand; and ſo for all others.

Peſtle. Methinks your Head is full of Projects, can't you find out one to ſerve them in?

Tr. I don't pretend to be a Projector; but I think the College would do very well to make all ſorts of Medicines

cines themſelves, and ſell them out at eaſy Rates. What they deſign by forming a Fund by Subſcription, I profeſs I at preſent know not, but one of 'um told me t'other day that they deſign to make that a Fund for buying in Drugs, *&c.* and making of all ſorts of Compound Medicines neceſſary for the Sick, ſelling them out again for ſmall profit, ſufficient only to pay about a dozen Servants, and the Prime Coſt of the Medicines, with a Penny in the Shilling Over-plus to the College. By which means the Doctors will be ſure to have ſuch good Medicines, and ſo well prepared as to rely on them, not to be ſophiſticated; or, for want of any one preſcribed, to be ſupply'd by another in the room of it, as you Apothecaries oft do: If you han't one Thing, you in your mighty Wiſdom will put in another in the room of it; ſo that the Phyſician may preſcribe till Dooms-day, and the Patient will be never the better, if ye ſubſtitute what Medicines ye pleaſe, and after that put what Prices ye pleaſe.

Peſtle. Prices Sir? I ſell as cheap as any Apothecary in Town; I never have above 6 *s.* and 8 *d.* for a Pint of Pearl Cordial in my Life, a'n you go to that.

Tr. Not ſo paſſionate, Good Mr. *Peſtle*, I believe you ſell as cheap as your Brethren, but all damn'd dear, and much to the Oppreſſion of the Poor. To remedy which they propoſe to ſell a Pint of good Pearl Cordial for Eighteen Pence, or thereabouts. A Cordial Bolus for a Groat, which ye reckon ſometimes 1 *s.* 6 *d.* and ſometimes 2 *s.* A Quart of Bitter Drink for 1 *s.* for which I my ſelf have pay'd 5 *s.* and 8 *d.* And ſo proportionable for all other Medicines.

Peſtle. Puh! What if they do? our Old Cuſtomers won't leave us.

Tr. What if they do? Why then the Poorer ſort of People will buy of them, becauſe they are ſure of good and cheap Medicines. The better ſort will think it Prudence

dencer to ſave 5 s. in 6 l. and 8 d. if they can, to help pay Taxes, and not have a Bill after a great Sickneſs brought in, enough to renew their Sickneſs again. Even the Richeſt of all will be apt to be influenced by their Phyſicians, when they tell 'um that there are the only Medicines prepared which they can rely on. In ſhort, every Body will be willing in their Illneſs to go to ſuch a Place, where they can with great probability be aſſured of Good and Cheap Medicines.

Peſtle. Good Mr. *Trueman*, you may e'en prate about ſaving the Practice of Phyſick till you are weary, I warrant ye, let 'um do what they can, we'll eaſily perſwade People that we are all very Honeſt Men. ——— We always ſaid you were always a prying, buſie, Inquiſitive Man, pretending to underſtand things, I am ſure you don't underſtand; you have a mighty Opinion of your Self. Come let us leave him.

All. Ay come, come let's leave him. [*Exit.* 4 *Apothecaries Whiſtling in Glyſter-Pipes.*

Tr. 'Tis an Old Saying, *Si Populus vult decipi, decipiatur*, if People will be cheated e'en let 'um be ſo. ——— I have done what lies in my Power to open their Eyes; and by telling the Truth have gain'd other Men's Hatred, but

I ne'er to Flatt'ry was, or will b' a Slave,
He that loves Truth is Generous and Brave,
And ſcorns the Wealthy and the Thriving Knave. [*Exit.*

FINIS